

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

The Love Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, to James Earl of Bothwell; with the Love Sonnets and Marriage Contracts. (Being the long missing Originals from the Gilt Casket). Explained by State Papers, &c.; forming a complete History of the Origin of the Scottish Queen's Woes and Trials. By HUGH CAMPBELL, LL.D. F.A.S. 8vo. pp. 400. London, 1824.

AN octavo volume of love letters, even from so amorous a lady as Mary was allowed to be, is enough to startle the most greedy devourer of such things, and is really sufficient to frighten a sober critic from opening the book, did not his duty demand it: lest, however, any of our readers should have similar fears, we beg to state, that of the four hundred pages of which the work consists, the love letters, and whole contents of the gilt casket, only occupy about eighty. The rest is filled with extracts from Hume, Buchanan, Robertson, and other historians, on the character and conduct of Mary, with an appendix of documents relating to her life.

Of the authenticity of the letters Dr. Campbell has little doubt, though, we confess, it is by no means satisfactorily proved; they do not profess to be autographs of Mary, but true copies of the originals, found in the gilt casket of Bothwell. They were, it is said, shown to the commissioners of Elizabeth, but whether they were among those adduced in support of the charges against the ill-fated Mary seems rather doubtful. Buchanan has given several letters which were so read, but even they have been deemed forgeries. Hume, however, who did not believe in Mary's innocence, was of opinion that the letters were genuine. With regard to the letters now published, Dr. Campbell says they are copies of those produced by the commissioners at Hampton Court, and allowed to be genuine, by Mary's best friends, in the presence of the English queen, then umpire between the Scottish queen and her nobles. He thinks the originals were destroyed by James the First, who did not wish any records of his mother's guilt to exist. We confess, that although the letters have the appearance of being genuine, yet we are by no means satisfied as to their authenticity, which Dr. Campbell is far from clearly establishing. The MS., which we understand is deposited with the publishers, he says, appears to several judges to be upwards of one hundred years old, and the language is antecedent to the classical days of Addison. He does not, however, favour us with any data

as to where the letters have so long remained in obscurity, while historians were puzzled to know what had become of the contents of the gilt casket, but merely says they came into his hands by 'mere accident.'

The letters are eleven in number, and are all without date; they are impassioned, and sometimes vulgar, which, however, is no proof that they were not written by Mary, as the age was by no means refined, though she was an accomplished princess. Two of these letters we quote, with the prefatory remarks of Dr. Campbell.

LETTER THE THIRD.

'This letter was written in the beginning of the year 1564, at which time Queen Elizabeth proposed the Earl of Leicester to her for a husband, according to Camden, Hollingshed, and almost all the historians, who mention that affair with wonder; the great politicians of that age not being able to fathom the secret motives which induced her to so unexpected a behaviour.

'What a sudden turn in our affairs! Good Good! How are the face of all things altered! Scarce have I courage to report the story—but you, alas! are but too well acquainted with the misfortune in general, though the particulars cannot yet have reached you: I am for ever doomed to be the vassal of the English queen, the tool of her cursed policy, the property of her ambition, without a friend to aid me. She writes me now that the reasons for breaking off the match with Darnley were, because she thinks Leicester more worthy of my bed and crown! Leicester, raised but by her partial favour, and long the mirror of her loosest wishes, must now be recompensed with the Scottish crown, but it shall perish first, though Murray and the faction again threaten to take up arms, though the remainder of the Gordon race rejoice in this opportunity of revenge; and all I have endured nor all I can endure, shall frighten me to an act so loathed, so scorned,—no, if not decreed for Bothwell, I will be for no other: in this world I will be mistress of myself, as for the rest let fate dispose. I am grown weary of the light, and almost would resign that life they make so wretched by perpetual troubles.

'Attempt not to appear in Edinburgh, I entreat you, where all things being in confusion in this universal hurry, you may fall a victim to the malice of your enemies. I am now more than ever fearful of your betraying those secret practices he formerly intrusted to your care, and that he privately conspires against your life!

'Hamilton gave me some hints of it the other day, and Douglas afterwards in heat of blood, occasioned by a debate between them in my presence, confirmed it: all are false! all are traitors to their queen! Oh, Bothwell, where is one faithful friend to be chosen out among a thousand base designers; I aim not at increase of power, oppress not my poor subjects by exorbitant taxations, nor envy the provinces my neighbours rule; all I desire is to possess, in peace, the little territories I was born to govern, and that is denyd me. Sure I was born to everlasting cares! like hydra heads, one no sooner disappears than another rises in its room, and drives me from repose. I am in too much distraction to say much at present; but the person who brings you this has a commission to inform you of all the circumstances of this unexpected blow. I can only tell you that I am, as ever, wholly devoted to the interests of my dear Bothwell, and will yet some way or other compleat his happiness or sink in the attempt. If you have any advice which may be of service in this exigence, let it be speedy, for never had I more need of consolation.

'Your's, M. R.

'P.S. Direct as your last, under cover, to the Nuncio, that man is faithful; but, beware of Seaton. He has a brother in the service of the Hamiltons: I more than fear he has already betrayed some things to your prejudice. My uncle of Corocin contributes to my persecution, by proposing an alliance with the House of Austria: the bearer will inform you at full the contents of this letter. Farewell! pity me and continue to love me! M. R.'

If these letters are genuine, we think there can be no doubt that the queen was privy to the death of her husband Darnley. In one of the letters, she says that Murray, finding her bathed in tears, bade her 'be of good comfort, for a blow would soon be struck which would restore all things to their proper order;' and she adds, 'I know not what he means, unless it be the death of the king, nor had I time to ask.' After the murder, she thus writes to her paramour:—

'By Darnley's death, I am indeed once more a queen, again enjoy those pleasures which power affords, and have the means of punishing and rewarding indifferent persons, and in trifling causes, yet am still circumscribed. The more material business of my life remains unfinished. I am a queen, but you are not a king; till I accomplish that, the work is not complete, nor can I taste the sweets of royalty.

'I begin to think Murray at last sincere,

and approve of your design in engaging him to favour your divorce, which the bishop seems to make a light matter of, but I am afraid will not be so easily attained as he or you may imagine. The apology you make for your long stay at Dumbarton is altogether needless. I am so far from resenting it, that I look on this self-denial as the most prudent thing you ever did. There are at this time many eyes upon our actions, and to be too frequently seen together at present might be the means of preventing of our being for ever together hereafter. Send me a copy of what you write to Murray, enclosed in your next, and if possible make an interest with Lansford, in whose power it is to be serviceable to you on this account. Let my secretary know what sums are wanting to carry it on, and they shall be remitted to you. Morton and some others attend to speak with me, and I have time to say no more, but that I am ever, my dear Bothwell,

M. R.

'P. S. The Bishop of Ross intends you a long letter of instruction, which I would have you observe in every thing. You have not a better or a more sincere friend on earth.'

With regard to the guilt or innocence of Mary, Dr. Campbell is more anxious to give the opinions of others than to state his own, and his work contains the various statements of all the principal writers on the subject. The Appendix contains numerous curious documents; and the work includes the most ample materials for deciding on the character of Mary, now for the first time collected, in one volume, with great industry, from the voluminous and scattered tomes in which, hitherto, they were only to be found.

The Housekeeper's Ledger: a Plain and Easy Plan of Keeping Accurate Accounts of the Expense of Housekeeping, and the Elements of Domestic Economy. To which is added Tom Thrifty's Essay on the Pleasure of Early Rising, and Scheme for an Early Hour Company. By WILLIAM KITCHINER, M.D. 8vo. London, 1824.

NUMEROUS as the works are that come before us, there are few that we open with more pleasure than those of Dr. Kitchiner. The very mixture of italics and small capitals with the homely proverbs and snatches of verse that are intermingled in every page, give a relief to the sight, and are, we doubt not, a portion of the worthy doctor's system of the economy of the eyes. Then the versatility of the author, who writes on seasons and sea-cale, singing and sausages, peptic precepts and plum-pudding, is enough to recommend him to all sorts of readers, to say nothing of the ingenuity of setting the composition of bubble and squeak to music, or writing and composing a song on 'Tis Buts,' which we at first, by a pardonable recollection of the doctor's gastronomic propensities, read 'tit bits.'

The doctor's present work contains the elements of domestic economy, a memorial in behalf of suppers against dinners, an easy

plan for keeping accurate accounts, and various other eccentric but useful articles essential to a due knowledge of good housewifery. So discursive, however, is the worthy doctor, that we feel a real difficulty in giving an account of his book; it resembles a squab pie, in which all the ingredients are not only good in themselves, but form a savoury melange easier to digest than describe.

Dr. Kitchiner sets out with showing the importance of cookery among the ancients, when the cooks were the first kings of the earth, and 'Achilles was famous for broiling beef-steaks,' and when one of the greatest of the Roman generals 'received the Samnite ambassadors in the room where he was boiling turnips for dinner. Although they came to offer him a large sum of gold; yet he did not think their message of so much consequence as to occasion the pot to boil over.' What a happy age! We are next told of the importance of economy, and have the Northumberland House-book thrown in our teeth, when the Earl of Northumberland's family 'consisted of one hundred and sixty-six persons, masters and servants, and fifty-seven strangers were expected every day; in the whole two hundred and twenty-three. Twopence halfpenny was reckoned to be the daily expense of each for meat, drink, and firing; and one thousand pounds the annual expense of housekeeping, wheat being then 5s. 8d. per quarter.'

It is recommended that every family-man reserve two-fifths of what appears to be his net income for his family and contingent expenses; this is a good hint, and if any person will collect the maxims of Dr. Kitchiner, they, we are sure, will be as popular as those of Sir Morgan O'Doherty or Lord Waithman. The average expense of moderate persons in a frugal family, who seldom purchase either fish or poultry, should be, per month, each week, six pounds of meat, four pounds of bread, half a pound of sugar, and a pint of porter per day. If the worthy doctor really regulates his household by this standard, we heartily wish he was 'Clerk of the Kitchen' to our household for a month, or would establish a seminary for teaching domestic economy, and send us one of his best-trained pupils.

There is scarcely a page in the doctor's work that does not contain some economical precept. Thus we are told, that if more beer is drawn than is drunk at dinner, a bit of bread put in it will make it very good for supper; that if beer is too stale, 'a few grains of carbonate of potash, added to it at the time it is drunk, will correct it, and make draught beer as brisk as bottled ale; that 'when beer is tapped too soon and is too bitter, the addition of a bit of sugar to each pint will greatly improve it.' Again: the doctor recommends, that—

'A dinner table should not be more than three feet and a half in width; what will spread handsomely on such a table, will appear scanty on a table that is five feet in width.

'Let the appointments of your table be

equally distant from pompous parade and penurious parsimony.

'Let your provision be abundant in quantity—of excellent quality—cooked in the best style, and put on table in the neatest manner possible. It is a good plan always to provide for at least one more guest than you expect—especially if you are not well acquainted with the capacity of your visitor. Some folks want two or three times as much as others—for instance, our *Incomparable and Inspired Composer* HANDEL required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food—among other stories told of this great musician, it is said, that whenever he dined alone at a tavern he always ordered "DINNER FOR THREE"—and on receiving for answer to his question—"Is de tinner retty?"—"as soon as the company come"—He said "*con strepito*," "Den pring up te tinner, "*prestissimo*," I AM DE GOMBANY."

The doctor very properly reprehends the custom of persons 'setting out a table with a parade and a profusion unsuited not only to the circumstances of the host but to the number of guests.' We agree in this more readily than in the reprehension of drinking freely. Need the doctor be told, that the best speech Sheridan ever delivered was on the inspiration of half a pint of brandy, or that in proportion as Ben Jonson drank he wrote well or ill. Let the worthy doctor read his MS. journal, and he will find that he wrote the plot of his *Volpone*, and most of the play, after a present of ten dozen of palm sack—that the first speech in his *Cataline*, spoken by Sylla's ghost, was written after he had parted with his friends at the Devils' Tavern. 'I had drank well that night,' said he, 'and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water with my wine.' Rare Ben not only attributes his success in dramatic writing to his potations, but declares, that 'The Devil an Asse,' 'The Tale of a Tub,' and other comedies which did not succeed, were written in the winter, when he and his boys drank bad wine at the Devil.

Dr. Kitchiner enlivens his maxims with some piquant anecdotes worth quoting. He says:—

'If you really wish to show your love and respect for your old friends, invite them to come exactly at the same hour that they dine when at home.

'The late hospitable Colonel Bosville had his dinner on the table exactly two minutes before five o'clock, and no guest was admitted after that hour, for he was such a determined supporter of punctuality, that when his clock struck five his porter locked the street-door and laid the key at the head of the dinner-table; the time kept by the clock in the kitchen, the parlour, the drawing-room, and the watch of the master, were minutely the same—that the dinner was ready was not announced to the guests in the usual way, but when the clocks struck, this superlative time-keeper himself declared to his guests—

"Dinner waits."

'His first covenant with his cook was, that

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the first time she was not punctual, would be the last she should be under his patronage.

Again:—

'Boileau, the French satirist, has a shrewd observation on this subject. "I have always been punctual at the hour of dinner," says the bard, "for I knew, that all those whom I kept waiting at that provoking interval, would employ those unpleasant moments to sum up all my faults." Boileau is, indeed, a man of genius—a very honest man;—but that dilatory and procrastinating way he has got into would mar the virtues of an angel.'

The 'plain, easy, and infallible plan of keeping accurate accounts of the expenses of housekeeping' contains much useful and practical information on the subject, but the receipt how to make a leg of mutton last a week is but an indifferent parody on the Gascon's dinner for a week, which we subjoin in preference:—

'Dimanche, une esclanche;
Lundi, froide et salade;
Mardi, j'aime la grillade;
Mercredi, hachée;
Jeudi, bon pour la capillotade;
Vendredi, point de gras;
Samedi, qu'on me casse les os, et que les chiens se crèveront des restes de mon mouton.'

The doctor is, however, a bit of a freebooter in this way, and a genuine anecdote of Lord Nelson, on taking time by the forelock, is literally spoiled, by relating it in a ridiculous manner of a fictitious character: there is, however, so much merit and utility in all the doctor writes, that it may seem hypercritical to dwell on trifles like those we have pointed out. The Account Book for Housekeeping is an useful appendage, and, we hope, will, in future years, be published separately.

The Cambrian Plutarch: comprising Memoirs of some of the most eminent Welshmen from the earliest Times to the Present.

By JOHN H. PARRY, Esq.

(Concluded from p. 770.)

We have already, in our former notice, alluded to the great attention Mr. Parry devotes to the early literature, and particularly the poetry of Wales. He says, that rich poetic feeling which, in earlier periods of the Welsh history, had been the delight and pride of the country, suffered a temporary extinction on the subjugation of Wales by Edward I., and nearly a century elapsed before any symptoms of its revival appeared; and then its character was changed:—

'Both in sentiment and style the *awen* of Wales had now undergone a complete revolution. The heroism, which in brighter days had sustained the national independence, no longer called forth the loftier strains of the muse. The bard was now content to tune his harp to the humbler themes that life supplies in its more private walks; and a system of poetry, of a tamer structure than was formerly known, was introduced to correspond with this important innovation. But, whatever merit the

Welsh muse may thus have lost in point of fire and sublimity, it appears to have been, in some respect, compensated by the humour and vivacity which became afterwards its most prominent features.'

Davydd ab Gwilym, the Petrarch of Wales, who was born about the year 1340, revived the national muse, and Mr. Parry gives an interesting memoir of his life, with spirited translations of some of his poetry. Gwilym, it appears, was remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex, and was involved in many adventures of gallantry. Tradition has preserved the memory of one, which is amusing:—

'In the number of his mistresses the taste of Davydd ab Gwilym appears to have been quite oriental; as he reckoned no less than four-and-twenty at one time. Having an inclination, on a particular occasion, to divert himself at their expense, he made an assignation with each, unknown to the rest, to meet him under a certain tree, at a specified hour, having appointed the same time for all. Our poet himself took care to be on the spot before the period of meeting, and, having ascended the tree, he had the satisfaction of finding, that not one of his faithful inamoratas failed in her engagement. When they were all assembled, feelings of inquisitive wonder took place of the gentler emotions, to which, it is probable, they had before yielded; and when at length the stratagem, of which they had been the dupes, became known, the only sentiment that inspired the group was that of indignant vengeance against the unfortunate bard, and which they failed not to vent in reproaches "long and loud." The author of the plot, who, from his ambuscade above, had perceived the gathering storm, had recourse to his muse for an expedient to allay it, or, at least, to divert its fury from the object to which it was at first directed. Emerging partially from the foliage in which he had been enveloped, he replied to the menaces of the disappointed fair ones, which even extended to his life, in an extemporary stanza, of which the following translation will convey some idea, though unequal to the force of the original:

Among you all, the kindest jade
Who oft'nest meets me in this shade,
On summer's morn, to love inclin'd,
Let her strike first, and I'm resign'd.

The effect was such as our poet had, perhaps, anticipated. Taunts and recriminations were bandied about by the exasperated assembly, who forgot their common resentment against the bard in this new cause for commotion. The apple of discord had been thrown amongst them; and the spot so lately dedicated to the queen of love, became suddenly the theatre of an implacable war. The tradition adds, that the contriver of the stratagem had the good fortune to escape unmolested in the confusion of the conflict, being thus indebted to his muse for his protection from a catastrophe of no very agreeable nature.'

In the life of Owen Glendower, whose insurrection forms so prominent a feature in Shakspeare's play of Henry IV., there is

an anecdote of the celebrated David Gam, which for the sake of his memory we wish had not been true. Glendower, after he had formed a league with Hotspur, proclaimed himself Prince of Wales:—

'The ceremony of coronation was even performed, and every thing wore the aspect of a sincere and unanimous acknowledgment of his pretensions. An incident occurred, however, to mar, in some degree, the harmony of the scene, and had nearly brought to a premature close the ambitious career of the new prince. The celebrated Sir David Gam, afterwards so deservedly distinguished in English history for his gallantry in the battle of Agincourt, was present at this meeting, under the pretence of uniting in its general object, but really, as may be assumed from the sequel, with very different views. He had been long in the service of Henry, to whom he was zealously attached; a circumstance which might alone account for his animosity against Glyndwr, even if he had not been influenced by any spirit of rivalry. But, whatever were his motives, he had conceived the base design of assassinating his countryman; and the plot was accidentally discovered when on the point of being executed. The traitor was apprehended on the spot, and would have suffered the punishment due to his perfidy, but for the intercession of some of Glyndwr's most intimate friends. His life was spared, but only at the price of his liberty. He was consigned to a dungeon, where, in all probability, he would have ended his days, if the extinction of the rebellion had not restored him to freedom after a tedious incarceration of ten years. Glyndwr had also extorted from him an engagement of fidelity to his cause, which the captive had no opportunity of fulfilling; and, soon after his imprisonment, he destroyed his house.'

The character and cause of Owen Glendower are well described by Mr. Parry, who calls him 'the last champion of Welsh independence.' After describing the military talents of Glendower, Mr. P. says,—

'Of the more general character of Glyndwr we have but few traits. We have seen that he was superstitious, but this was a fault of the times, and in which, it is probable, he participated frequently as much from policy as inclination. His most conspicuous failings appear to have been the irascibility and vindictiveness of his temper, to which, however, must be opposed a warmth of heart, which insured the sincerity of his attachments. In this respect he united those opposite, yet not incongenial extremes of character, which generally distinguish his countrymen. If he was unforgiving in his enmities, he was not less ardent in his friendships. In domestic life, as we have already seen, his hospitality was unlimited; and the general patronage he extended towards the bards, proves unquestionably the natural liberality of his sentiments. In the encouragement of the national muse, indeed, he evinced an enlightened enthusiasm, worthy of the best ages of Welsh independence.'

'Such was Owain Glyndwr, and, in whatever view we may regard him, he will appear as the most eminent character which his country produced during the age in which he lived. Born to a private station, he elevated himself, by his own unaided energies, to the rank of a warrior and a conqueror, maintaining an obstinate contest, during fifteen years, against all the resources of a powerful monarchy, as well as against the private factions by which he was surrounded at home. The accomplishment of such a task, notwithstanding its ultimate issue, denotes him to have possessed no ordinary qualifications: it proves, at least, that he was bold, persevering, and ardent, in the pursuit of his object. And if, with this, we consider the sincerity of his belief in the justice of his cause, we shall find it difficult to appropriate to his memory the odium which commonly attaches itself to unsuccessful treason. They who regard Owain Glyndwr as a traitor, ought to keep in mind that his sword was only drawn against an usurper; and that whatever excesses marked his military career, may find ample palliation in the injustice which had provoked them.'

In the memoir of Bishop Morgan, who gave to the world the first complete version of the Scriptures in the Welsh tongue, Mr. Parry has the following interesting account of the Welsh Bible:—

'The Welsh Bible has always been regarded, even in a mere literary view, as the most valuable work in the language; and, in the extravagance of critical eulogy, it has been described as uniting the varied beauties of which the Welsh tongue is susceptible, with all the native simplicity and other characteristics of the Hebrew*. That it approaches more closely than the English version to the peculiar genius and sublimity of the original, from the nearer affinity of the two languages, will be admitted by all competent judges; but that it is to be considered as a perfect specimen of the purity, copiousness, and expressiveness of the Welsh tongue, will be maintained only by those who suffer their judgment to be influenced by the sacredness of the subject, rather than by any other consideration. The Welsh translation, it is true, comprises numerous beauties even as a literary performance; but, like every other work of man, it is, at the same time, chargeable with many errors and inaccuracies, which are to be ascribed to several causes, independent of the length of the work, to which some inadvertencies were unavoidably incident,—for

Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

Among the causes alluded to may be here mentioned, an ignorance of those peculiar capabilities of the Welsh language, which have since been so ably developed,—too servile a conformity with the popular style of expression in use at the time, arising, no

* 'It is unnecessary to particularise the works to which allusion is here made. Among others, Walter's Dissertation on the Welsh Language may be mentioned.'

doubt, from an anxious and laudable aim at perspicuity,—and finally, perhaps, an unnecessary deference to the authority of the English translation. Hence those inaccuracies of orthography—those verbal contractions and elisions, of mere vulgar currency, and wholly irreconcilable with the classical purity of the language—that unnecessary introduction of weak auxiliaries and other expletives*,—that occasional inattention to the various inflections of verbs,—and that adoption of less felicitous terms of expression than the language would have supplied, which the most enthusiastic admirers of the Welsh version must admit are to be found in it. Whatever errors of a more important character it may possess, are to be traced to the comparatively imperfect state of biblical criticism at the period of its production. But, after all, with the full admission of all these imperfections, which are opposed rather to the inconsiderate praises of enthusiasts than to the genuine reputation of the work, the Welsh version must be regarded as among the noblest attempts to familiarize modern nations with the truths of divine writ, and as an imperishable monument of the zeal, learning, and industry of its author.

It is not easy to do justice to the research and industry of Mr. Parry, without knowing the difficulties he has had to surmount in collecting materials for his Cambrian Plutarch, though it is easy to perceive that they must have been considerable. Of the excellent use he has made of them, there can be but one opinion; and we are sure the sons of Cambria will be grateful for the service Mr. Parry has done his country, and will allow that he has entitled himself to a niche at some future, and we hope far distant, period in the Cambrian Plutarch.

A Practical Guide to the Composition and Application of the English Language; or a compendious System of English Grammar, Literary Criticism, and Practical Logic, illustrated by appropriate Definitions, Rules, Examples, and Exercises. Arranged upon a Plan entirely new, and adapted to explain the Principles of these important Branches of Education. By PETER SMITH, A. M. post 8vo. pp. 436. Edinburgh and London.

THIS is an exceeding good book, and, in our opinion, so well adapted to supply what we consider to be a defect in the plan of modern education, and in the class of works devoted to that purpose, that we think we

* 'The faults thus far alluded to may be considered as having been, in some degree, recognised by authority. For in 1807, a small stereotype edition of the Welsh Bible was published at Cambridge, under the superintendence of an eminent Welsh scholar, who had permission to correct the more obvious blemishes of the nature above described; and an edition is now in the press at Oxford, which a gentleman of that University, well qualified for the task, is, as we understand, to correct in a similar manner, upon the plan of the Cambridge edition.'

shall be doing a service to our readers by bringing it under their notice.

The deficiency in the established mode of education, to which we have alluded, consists, as we think, in the small degree of attention which is now paid to the very important object of imbuing our youth with a profound and familiar acquaintance, not merely with the general structure, but with the grammatical and critical niceties of their native tongue. Even in the case of those who are destined to fill the liberal professions, and to whom, therefore, an accurate acquaintance with all the forms and elegancies of their native language would seem to be an accomplishment of the very first moment, this great deficiency may be detected. The ordinary plan of educating a boy for any of the higher walks of learning is this; after he has obtained a mere smattering of English, he is set to make himself acquainted with the rudiments of the Latin tongue; and from the rules with which this study furnishes him, he forms his idea of the system which, in his future studies, he finds to pervade all other languages. During the years of his attendance at the University he of course acquires some facility in managing the language which is native to him, by means of those exercises in composition, which he is necessarily called on to perform; but still without having made himself at all more familiar by such exercise with the finer shades of expression and varieties of construction, which occur in the language he is thus learning to wield; and he comes forth at last, on the great arena of public life, to claim the approbation of his contemporaries, for skill in a language which he knows but as that which is most familiar to his use, but with the correct and idiomatic structure of which he has never acquired, from careful study, a systematic and minute acquaintance.

It was not thus that the languages of Greece and Rome were learned by those who sought for distinction, in the times when they were spoken, from their masterly and commanding use of them. In those days, to use the words of the author before us, the grammarian or rhetorician was the first and chief superintendent of the education of the young. An acquaintance with every nicety and elegance and power of expression which belonged to their language, was, consequently, one of the chief and most valued, as well as one of the most universally cultivated, of their acquirements; and we hence know that even the mob of Athens could detect violations of propriety or of elegance in the spoken harangues of their orators, which the most accomplished scholars of modern times are scarcely able to discover in the written works of the men who were thus fearlessly subjected to the impartial tribunal of public criticism.

But if even our well-educated scholars are deficient in this respect, most assuredly one of the greatest advances which the system of general education could make, would be that which should awaken the great bulk

of a people acquainted with the principles of that business and it is to be slight alterations in the education of the reality of the secure this in writing, of the most, tic, are not all accomplished who are desirous of business of in the progress also happen either in speed reckoned a who aims at or why the men of business a little more ing, be qualified liberal and from a ready liar elegance them, as well as, is not but an instance.

We feel, every work improvement or which has acquaintance structure of subject; and we that the world to this article yet appeared the production far more than thing that excellence of is so much of structure of but yet admitted—and altogether communicated to considered to be of being investigated we should have wanting in a we did not recommend it.

The work is the first containing the English language, and illustrating exercises of all the beauty, the other qualities more than;—and that afford such an employed in the such direction thought, as those who are of composition success of which

of a people to a familiar and early-acquired acquaintance with the rules and proprieties of that dialect, which, in all the business and ordinary communications of life, it is to be their practice to employ. A very slight alteration, indeed, in the mode of education at present adopted for the generality of the people would be sufficient to secure this object; and as a fine hand in writing, and a dexterous management of the most complicated rules of arithmetic, are now among the most common of all accomplishments in those classes at least who are destined to transact the every-day business of the world, we do not see why, in the progress of improvement, it may not also happen that a correct use of language, either in speaking or writing, should not be reckoned as indispensable to every man who aims at a respectable rank in society; or why the minds of our merchants and men of business of all kinds might not, by a little more attention to preparatory training, be qualified for acquiring all that liberal and rational pleasure which results from a ready perception of the more familiar elegancies of a language, which, to them, as well as to the more liberally educated, is not merely a native inheritance, but an instrument of daily and essential use.

We feel, therefore, the utmost interest in every work which is likely to lead to the improvement we are now contemplating, or which has, generally, the extension of an acquaintance with the rules that govern the structure of our native tongue, as its object; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the work of which the title is prefixed to this article, is by far the best that has yet appeared in this line. It is obviously the production of a person who has paid far more than an ordinary attention to every thing that constitutes the idiom and the excellence of his native tongue; and there is so much of scientific arrangement in the structure of the volume,—such amplitude, but yet admirable simplicity of illustration,—and altogether so much interest communicated to topics which are generally considered to be precluded from the possibility of being invested with that excellence, that we should have considered ourselves to be wanting in a great duty to the public, if we did not do every thing that we can to recommend it to their favourable reception.

The work is divided into three parts,—the first containing a complete grammar of the English language—the second, a statement, and illustration by examples and exercises of all the rules that aim at improving the perspicuity, the elegance, the beauty, the sublimity of language, and all the other qualities which constitute it something more than a mere grammatical structure;—and the last part is intended to afford such an account of the media employed in the investigation of truth, and such directions for the management of thought, as may be useful in enabling those who are beginning to practise the art of composition, to avail themselves with success of whatever quantity of ability or

of information they may happen to possess. This, the reader will perceive, is at once a judicious and a comprehensive plan, and including, indeed, every thing that is necessary either for conveying a knowledge simply of the structure of language, or for pointing out the elegancies and niceties which may be superinduced on its elements; or, lastly, for enabling the student to clothe his own thoughts in those idioms and proprieties of diction, which he has previously been accustomed to admire in the works of others.

Now with respect to the first of these divisions of the work, or that which treats simply of the rules of grammar, we are not aware that the author has presented his readers with any new views, or that he has aimed at the character of an original writer. Yet this part of the work has peculiarities, which place it far in our estimation above every other work on the same subject that has hitherto appeared in our language. We allude, in particular, to the scientific arrangement, according to which all the author's reasonings and illustrations are conducted; to the simple but copious induction, by which he proves and exemplifies the general rules; and to the interest which is thus communicated to this part of the work, so different from the uninteresting character of ordinary grammars, and so well adapted to render its perusal a pleasing exercise, even to the general reader. On the more particular excellences of this part of the work, considered as contrasted with all former publications on the same subject, we cannot better express ourselves, than in the following words, which we have taken from our author's preface. Speaking of the common grammars of the English language, he proceeds to remark, that "most of these contain merely abstract definitions of the parts of speech and rules of construction, without sufficient explanations to render them intelligible to the young pupil; and hence a boy who learns one of these treatises, commits the definitions and rules to memory, without understanding their meaning, or their application in the structure of language. Neither the etymological nor syntactical part of these grammars is illustrated by appropriate examples of the correct and incorrect use of the parts of speech and rules of construction; nor can the exercises be easily corrected by the student, from the want of such examples to direct him how to discover their inaccuracy. The rules of syntax also are arranged without any regard to the natural order in which they should occur; for, though the etymological part begins with an explanation of the article, the syntactical part generally commences with the rules for the verb, and proceeds to those for the remaining parts of speech, without any other arrangement than that which the discretion of the writer has suggested.—It is somewhat unaccountable that, while all other sciences have been taught systematically, no regular plan of expounding the principles of English grammar has ever been adopted by the numerous authors

who have written on the subject. It is no less surprising that, while the practical application of all other sciences has been deduced from the principles explained, no such method has been hitherto adopted in teaching that which professes to instruct us in speaking and writing our native language with correctness and propriety. To supply these defects in the common treatises on English grammar, the author has ventured to adopt a new plan of illustrating the science, which is contained in the first part of the volume presented to the public."

The second part of the work, or that which the author has entitled literary criticism, contains, beside a copious selection of the most approved rules relating to the higher qualities of language, a rich and varied exemplification both of the correct and incorrect use of these rules in the works of our most popular authors. This part of the work accordingly will be read with much satisfaction by those who have any taste for that very useful species of criticism in which it deals. We might select almost any section without doing injustice to our author's merits, but we prefer the following, as it relates to two authors with whose works many of our readers are probably in some degree acquainted, and as it affords a good instance of the fearless and vigilant manner in which the author has executed this part of his work;—

"A celebrated Scottish author (Dr. Chalmers), who has done much to promote the interests of virtue, but more to pervert the principles of taste, thus expresses himself on the subject of Christian benevolence, as it regards the eternal welfare of mankind. "The man who considers the poor will give his chief anxiety to the wants of their eternity."—Any one who has studied the meaning of words knows that—to give anxiety to a thing, is what philologists call an *impropriety* in language, as it is a mode of phraseology not authorised by any classical writer. The expression should have been—the man who considers the poor *will be chiefly anxious*, &c. But the following phrase—to the wants of their eternity—is still more objectionable; as it is a *barbarism*, inconsistent with the idiom of our language, and almost unintelligible. The author, indeed, seems to mean that he who considers the poor will be chiefly anxious to supply them with whatever may be necessary to their eternal welfare. This is a mode of phraseology, the meaning of which we can comprehend; and if so, why is not the sentiment expressed in some such manner? but if it is not the meaning, in what sense are the readers of this sentence to understand it? As language is evidently misapplied which is not understood, it is a rule in criticism, that a sentence which does not convey a correct and definite meaning is radically defective, and, therefore, ought not to be admitted into any species of composition. But in almost every page of Dr. C.'s writings, many sentences, as faulty as the one now quoted, are to be found; and, therefore, the *dulcia vitia* of this author, and of others who em-

ploy a style similar to his, should be carefully avoided by every one who would write with propriety and perspicuity.

'A modern divine of some repute, at least in his own country (Dr. Andrew Thomson), is equally censurable for the inaccurate use of the words and language which he frequently employs. That author, speaking of the prevalence of infidelity, thus states the result of his experience, on the subject of which he is treating. "We have heard, indeed, of men who affected to hold fast by the tenets of natural religion, while they repudiated those of divine revelation." To hold, in this sentence, signifies to maintain, re-support; and, when used in composition with the adverb *fast*, denotes a steady adherence to any thing; but to hold fast *by* is a solecism in language, which no correct writer would employ. We read of *holding fast* the profession of our faith; but not of holding fast *by* it; and, therefore, as this mode of phraseology is not authorised, either by the translators of our Bible or by profane authors, it is evidently an impropriety. As the writer here uses the words *natural religion* in the first member of the sentence, he should have used the words *revealed religion* in the last member of it, as the one is contrasted with the other, and, therefore, requires words which express an opposite meaning, thus:—hold fast the tenets of *natural*, while they repudiated those of *revealed* religion. "We have never," continues our author, "been so fortunate as to see and converse with one of them (infidels), whose creed, select, and circumscribed, and palatable as he had made it, seemed to have any serious footing in his mind, or any practical influence on his life." In this sentence, the active verb *see*, and the neuter verb *converse*, are both connected in construction, and should, therefore, both govern the same word; whereas the former only governs the word *one*, while the latter does not and cannot govern it, but the preposition *with*, and thus a solecism in construction is introduced, which no correct writer would have admitted. The sentence, in order to be grammatical, should be thus arranged:—We have never seen any infidels, nor have we ever conversed with one of them, &c. But as these words, even though arranged grammatically, are entirely colloquial, the sentiment conveyed by them would have been much more elegantly expressed thus:—We have never known one of them, &c. The author next employs a most unwarrantable phrase, when he styles a creed *palatable*; as that word signifies *literally*—"pleasing to the taste," and, though used figuratively in familiar or burlesque language, is never applied in grave composition. But the most objectionable phrase in the sentence is that of a creed having a *serious footing in the mind*! Who ever heard of a *serious footing*, i. e. "a grave, solemn, important, or weighty" footing, and that in the mind too. *Risum teneatis?* The word *footing* means either *literally* "ground for the foot," or *figuratively*—"foundation, basis, support, or root."—*Johnson's Dictionary*. Now, though we

might say, figuratively, that a creed has a *solid* foundation, or basis, &c., yet the idiom of our language does not admit of such an expression, as a *serious* foundation, &c.; and, therefore, the phrase *serious footing*, which is equivalent to it, is an evident barbarism, which would never have been used by an accurate writer. A thousand examples, equally faulty, might be given from the writings of these and similar authors, who, from ignorance of the true meaning of words and of their right application in the structure of language, violate the principles of correct taste; and, therefore, it is deemed proper to guard students of English composition against such inaccuracies of style as have now been mentioned.

The third part of the treatise, which the author has denominated logic, is conducted in the same scientific and consecutive manner with the preceding parts. It begins with some account of *ideas*, or the elements of our reasonings—proceeds from these to propositions—to syllogisms—to arguments—to prejudices—to the different kinds of reasonings—and to the varied descriptions of subjects which may be selected for the exercise of our powers of composition. This part of the work will be particularly useful to those who are beginning to practise the art of composition from materials furnished by their own stores of thought. All the different kinds of subjects are successively treated of by our author, and rules suggested for the conduct of themes on each of the heads. From a great variety we take the following almost at random:—

'*Plan for Themes on Literary Subjects.*—As literary compositions are intended to describe the beautiful objects of nature or art; if a young student should attempt to write a *literary* essay, he must first consider the nature of his subject, and the topics whence his illustrations must be drawn for treating it in a regular and systematic manner. Suppose the subject to be, "an inquiry into the origin and progress of eloquence, and the causes of its decay in modern times,"—he should begin by stating, 1. A few general remarks on the different kinds of learning that have been cultivated in various ages and countries of the world. 2. The origin and progress, perfection and decline of eloquence, together with an enumeration of the merits of eminent men who have excelled in that art. 3. Its past state among the ancients, compared with its present state among the moderns, whence he must be led to acknowledge that it has declined among the latter. 4. The causes of the superiority of ancient eloquence, arising from the vehement action of the orators, the encouragement given to it, and the rewards attending it. 5. The reasons why our modern orators do not excel in eloquence; such as, the necessity of studying logical precision in reasoning, rather than the art of rhetorical declamation, the more correct taste of the public in general, and of those who are proper judges in particular, &c. 6. The effects that true eloquence still produces, which might be urged as a motive for its more assiduous cultivation.

From such an outline as this, the student might pursue a regular plan of discussing the subject till he had given a complete view of the state of eloquence, and shown the propriety of its improvement.

'Suppose, again, that the student should choose to write a literary essay on "the necessity of uniting a knowledge of science with that of classical literature;"—he would find, by considering the proper topics for its illustration, that it would be proper to show, 1. That those who have attained considerable skill in classical literature, are often very *ignorant* of other branches of useful knowledge. 2. That it is therefore necessary for the *classical* scholar to gain a competent acquaintance with the sciences, for promoting his own credit, improvement, and satisfaction. 3. The *proofs* of this proposition, derived from the following reasons:—that a mere classical scholar cannot be held in much estimation, if he is *ignorant* of philosophy, or chemistry, history, politics, and other important subjects of speculation; that a knowledge of these is necessary to *enlarge* his stock of information; and that it is one great *means* of contributing to the intellectual and moral cultivation of his mind. 4. That a knowledge of the sciences may be *easily acquired*, and is of the utmost *importance* to one who holds a respectable rank in society; and therefore every scholar should be urged by these *motives* to unite the study of scientific with classical learning. Such a plan might be pursued in writing a literary essay; though the student may adopt any other that is more consonant with his habits of thinking, or better adapted to illustrate the subject of discourse.'

Our readers will perceive from these extracts, that we have not ventured to express so unqualified an approbation of the work without good reason; and we have only again, therefore, to say, that we consider it to be highly creditable to the talent, industry, and acquirements of the author,—fitted to produce important improvements on our common mode of elementary instruction,—and altogether, to be beyond comparison the most valuable contribution which has been made for many years to this fundamental and invaluable department of general education.

We beg leave at the same time to suggest, that, in our opinion, the grammar would be rendered still more efficacious for this purpose, by being published in an abridged form, and with the questions and answers so arranged as to be introduced into the daily practice of common schools. At present the work is rather adapted for the perusal of those who take a pleasure in studying the structure of language, than for the labours of ordinary teaching. We hope, however, that the author will take the trouble of reducing his work into an abridged form; and we have no doubt, that if he accomplishes this part of his task with the same skill which he has manifested in giving to the work its present more enlarged form, it will speedily become a book of standard and univer-

sal employ learning.

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sal employment in our seminaries of learning.

We take the liberty likewise of suggesting, that the grammar, as it now stands, and the higher departments of criticism and logic, might, with material advantage to the work, be separated into two volumes: the first containing merely the grammar, to serve as a key to the lesser work, at which we have formerly hinted; and the second embracing the valuable departments of criticism and logic. We also take the liberty of suggesting to the author, that the latter part of his work containing rules for writing on the different kinds of subjects, might be so enlarged by a few additional chapters, as to render it, to those who are beginning the art of composition, one of the most useful treatises in the English language.

ON CHRISTMAS AND CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. GEDIKE.

THE custom of Christmas-gifts is as old as it is universal. It is generally accounted for, from the custom of presenting small gifts in the name of a new-born child, to those children of a more advanced age, that brotherly love may from their earliest infancy grow up with them, perhaps much earlier than it otherwise might, and thus entwine them closer to each other. It is also imagined, the custom of Christmas-gifts among Christians originated with the pious idea of accustoming children from an early period to the love of Christ.

At present I will not say more on the propriety or impropriety of this pedantic or religious trifling, than that it appears to me an humiliation to human nature, to employ such pitiful tricks to draw forth the proper feelings and sentiments of the heart, and use children from so early an age to the selfish ideas of having their affections bought with gifts.

Still more insufficient is the derivation of this custom from the gifts which the Wise Men of the East are said to have presented to the new-born Messiah.

Without at present inquiring, whether the whole of this tradition, which has puzzled both geographers and astronomers, is an historical fact, or, as many criticising theologians themselves believe, a pious fable, it cannot be conceived that the gifts which those wise men brought to the new-born king of the Jews, according to the manners of the East, as a mark of their submission and homage, could be the foundation of gifts which afterwards, at the anniversary of his birth, should be made to children and other persons, as it were, from and in the name of Jesus Christ.

When I maintain that this custom is neither more nor less than the remains of a Heathen or Roman institution, called Saturnalia, under another name, this can only appear unaccountable and wonderful to those who, unacquainted with antiquity, are not aware how many customs in our civil, our judicial, and particularly our religious constitution, are derived as an

inheritance from this source. Many ideas, unknown to pure original Christianity, have been borrowed from the Roman and Greek religions, but more particularly from the religious philosophy of the Alexandrian school, and incorporated with the theological system of Christianity. How much easier, then, to inherit customs that have become habitual, and of which sensual beings find it much harder to be divested than of mere ideas. In fact, there appear numberless extraordinary similitudes between the festivity of the Roman Saturnalia and our Christmas holydays, similitudes which appear even in the smallest trifles. The Saturnalia of the Romans happened exactly at the same time, and their rejoicings continued seven days, namely, from the 17th to the 24th of December. In the beginning, the Christmas holydays lasted the same number of days, but in process of time were reduced to four, and at length, probably in the eleventh century, to three. At the Saturnalia were distributed all kinds of small gifts, particularly to the slaves, and at no time were such pains taken to behave in a mild and friendly manner to the household, and to procure them a couple of happy days at least during the year. During this feast they enjoyed a certain degree of liberty, and were excused from all labour. Just so did the primitive Christians conduct themselves towards their slaves during the Christmas holydays (Constitut. Apostol. 1. 8. c. 33.) and to this day the common people never rejoice so much on any day during the year as at Christmas. Among the presents that were made was generally a wax candle, till now a customary appendage every where to the Christmas gifts for children and the lower classes. It was a custom at this feast to eat honey, as an emblem of the golden age, at which time we are told rivulets of milk and honey existed, and also because they considered Saturn as the discoverer of the honeycomb. In many provinces this custom is still strictly observed at Christmas; at which time an extraordinary quantity of the honey or pepper-cakes are made and sold. In like manner we are told by Lucian (Sat. c. 13.) that at the Saturnalia the bakers of cakes were fully employed. During the last days of this feast was a public fair (sigillaria), where all kinds of toys and images, chiefly of wax (sigilla) were sold for small presents, precisely as at our Christmas fair. At the time of the Saturnalia, not only holydays were enjoyed at every school, but at all the public offices, as during our Christmas. The holydays at the public offices were ordained by the Emperor Theodosius (Cod. Theo. C. b. c. de Feriis) and afterwards confirmed by Valentinian, as also by the Greek emperor, Emanuel Comnenus, and still later, not only by the canon law, but likewise by the ordinances of the Imperial Chamber. Still more striking is the similitude between these two feasts, when we take notice of the manner in which the middle

ages kept Christmas. The famous *fool's feast*, which, notwithstanding all the prohibition of it by regents, councils, and popes, prevailed till towards the close of the 16th century, and of which some remains, even among the protestants, though principally in catholic countries, still exist, was commonly kept in the Christmas holydays, or at least it always fell between Christmas and Epiphany. The excesses and extravagances which then took place much resembled those which prevailed at the Saturnalia. As at this the slaves acted the part of the master, and the master, for this short time, even condescended to obey his slaves, so, at the fool's feast, bishops laid aside their dignity, and let themselves down to a level with their dependents. And as at the Saturnalia a king of the feast was chosen by lot, so, from among the inferior servants of the church, a fool-bishop, and even a fool-pope, were chosen, who mimicked all the religious functions of a bishop. The mummary, dances, pranks, tricks, and extravagances, which went on at this feast, answer exactly to those of the Saturnalia, at which all sorts of folly and excess were equally privileged, as appears from Lucian.

Even in the design and meaning of these feasts, there appears between them a similarity, which argues greatly for the retention of the customs of the Saturnalia by the Christians. The Saturnalia were an emblem of the golden age, when no distinction of rank divided man from man, while as yet perfect equality and freedom reigned among mankind, and there existed neither master nor slave: a delightful dream, the idea of which was well worth a seven days' feast!

From the infancy of the church, the birth of Christ was regarded as the beginning of a new golden age, of which the poetical passages of the Hebrew poets were considered as prophecies. Jesus Christ was expected to have restored this *state of innocence in Paradise* (which really, some few modifications excepted, is at the bottom one and the same with the golden saturnal age of the Greeks and Romans, and at best an enchanting poetical dream); and as it could not be proved, that through Christianity *personal slavery* was abolished (notwithstanding—though curious enough!—many modern historians assert, that the abolition of slavery is one of the effects of Christianity, without recollecting, that there are *Christian* nations who, in America and the West Indies, use their slaves with greater barbarity and cruelty than the Romans and Greeks did theirs)—they assisted themselves with the idea of a *religious slavery*: for the allegorizing mystics transferred all the connections and situations of civil life into religion; and in fact, the idea of a religious slavery may be more easily understood than that of spiritual conception, spiritual marriages, spiritual births and new births, spiritual deaths, and so forth.

At last, as it was perceived, that this new golden age would not yet quite suc-

ceed, they dreamt of a future second appearance of Christ, and a kingdom of a thousand years, where the golden age, or the state of innocence, should again flourish in all its purity and beauty.

Whether, when the farce of the Saturnalia was over, the Roman slaves comforted themselves in like manner with a future golden age, I know not; but I really could wish the present negro slaves just such a delightful dream, to comfort them under the cruelty of their Christian oppressors.

The mystical similarity of these festivals, first gave rise to the celebration of Christmas at the time of the Saturnalia; though I suspect that, in order to prevent these two feasts from being considered as one and the same, they made their Christmas to begin just on the day when the Saturnalia ended. The common idea that the 25th of December was the true birthday of Christ, is perfectly ridiculous: for it is a well-known fact that the real birthday of the divine founder of our religion is entirely uncertain; many centuries, at least the two first, passed over without this feast being kept, and it appears to have been instituted in the third century. The eastern church, in whose vicinity no Saturnalia were kept, celebrated their Christmas on the 6th of January; and, until the time of St. Chrysostom, who lived at the end of the fourth century, only the western church kept it on the 25th of December, at which period the eastern church also conformed to that day. Should any one deem it unaccountable that the primitive Christians should reconcile the adoption of a heathen feast with the mere alteration of a name, he must be ignorant how much the majority of mankind are attached to old customs. It appears even from the New Testament, how difficult it was to the converted Jews, and even to the apostles themselves, entirely to lay aside their Jewish ceremonies and rituals; could it then be less difficult for those heathens who embraced Christianity, to deprive themselves of all their old religious customs? This we often witness in our own days, in the newly established Christian communities in Asia and America, instituted by missionaries, whether from among the jesuits, or from the pupils of the orphan-house at Halle. These converts retain their old ideas and customs, or at least one half of them, and unite them with the new faith they adopt, as well as they can.—Just so the old Christians. The bishops, too, even then understood, as well as did the jesuits in modern times, the great art to be all in all in every thing, and even advantageously to turn to their own pious views the prejudices and abuses of their heathen contemporaries; they therefore gladly overlooked the attachment of their converts to their old customs and prejudices, and were often satisfied merely to substitute a new name for an old one.

Even Constantine, by the flattering priests falsely styled the *great*, who (as even

appears from his fawning flatterer Eusebius) was as intolerant against the followers of the heathen religion, or even more so, than many of his predecessors had been against the Christians, yet, according to Eusebius himself, adopted it as a maxim, to make the Christian religion palatable to the heathens by transferring all the pomp and show of the latter to the former; and hence it was that the whole ritual of the Roman-heathen religion passed over to the Roman-Christian, in which there still exist many improper customs*. And thus even we protestants conform to many church customs, innocent in themselves, after the example of the old Roman and Greek religions.

It is also not merely a bold and uncertain supposition, that the Christians in the first century, before the introduction of the proper festival of Christmas, kept the Roman Saturnalia, but a fact established by the testimony of the fathers, especially Tertullian. And though at the same time Tertullian (in his book on idolatry) exclaims with energetical eagerness against the attachment of the new Christians to their old feasts and customs, and principally to the Saturnalia, yet his zeal seems to have been as fruitless as was, in the middle ages, the zeal of so many sensible clergymen against the *fools' feast* and *asses' feast*, with other customs, scarcely less shameful than absurd.

Should any one infer from what has been here said, that I consider the feast of Christmas as needless and superfluous, he will do me a very great injustice. Mankind owe too many obligations to the amiable founder of the Christian religion, not to be bound to eternalize the remembrance of this beneficent and philanthropic ambassador of Providence; and though his birthday is so extremely uncertain, that even the greatest of chronologers, Scaliger himself, confesses God alone could know it, yet the birthday acknowledged and established by so many ancient traditions and customs must, to every believer of our holy religion, certainly appear far more sacred than was the birthday of Socrates and Plato to the scholars and followers of those Athenian philosophers, many centuries after their death; thus much, however, is certain, and must ever remain so, that never was the memory of any great man, since the earliest times, disgraced with so much folly, absurdity, and in some measure shameful abuses, as the birth of Christ; and if any one is not sufficiently convinced of it, he need but peruse a few of the hymns in the old *Porter*, or any other similar hymn-books, to perceive with astonishment and indignation, to what humiliating misrepresentations of the Deity, and of sound reason, this feast has given rise; and that, to obtain due reverence from every Christian, it requires not the aid of mystical nonsense.

* In the year 1780, Sir William Hamilton saw at Isagna, in Abruzzo, waxen priapi offered to St. Cosmus, under the modest name of great toes. s. Götting Taschenbuch, 1734. S. 47. f.

ORIGINAL.

THE PRESENT STATE OF GREECE.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

THE character of the ancient Greeks is well known, and the history of recent periods proves that it has not degenerated in their descendants. Valour and enterprise, sacrifices for the welfare of their common country, a lively feeling for whatever is beautiful either in nature or art, and an almost enthusiastic passion for poetry and the sciences; but, on the other hand, a restless spirit of innovation, an inconsistency that mingles together trifles and important affairs, reciprocal jealousies and feuds between the minor states, even at the moment that the Persian power threatened to swallow up all Greece—these are the principal traits of that remarkable people, which have hitherto seemed almost obliterated among their posterity, but which are again become too apparent not to be recognised. In order, however, to form a correct and unprejudiced estimate of the people of modern Greece, two circumstances must be held in remembrance.

Setting aside a certain general family resemblance, it is not easy to conceive a greater diversity than that which existed between the various races which were incorporated into one political and national body,—than that between the Ionians and the Dorians, between the polished Athenian and the uncouth Bæotian, or between Athenian loquacity and Spartan compression of speech. These contrasts rendered a sincere concord and a complete union between the various states, impossible, and explain to us the revival of the same phenomenon at the present moment. From the same causes arise the contradictory and apparently irreconcilable accounts of those who have undertaken to describe the character and manners of the modern inhabitants, whenever it has happened that they have visited different tribes of this people.

There is, too, another circumstance that must not be overlooked: ancient Greece was inhabited only by the Hellenes, compared with whom, the strangers or barbarians who visited the country, were too few to be of any account; but the present population of this territory, which has been so repeatedly conquered, and has so often changed its masters,—if we except the mountainous districts of Maina, Arcadia, and Thessaly,—consists of an intermixture of almost every European nation with

the original descendants of the Goths, of the Romans, Italians, Greeks certainly this mass, it is only the character, but as bits and cere was permitted the purer re the other, b cent.

It is not a contradictor ple than the lish traveller. According to plays the t pastoral life. costume, w linen jacket, with a crook happy territ flocks of she under the sh plays on his simple melo thing, in sh of the poets Arcadia, and bitants, have ed. Accord other travel exhibits a anxiety and ciated by ex sufficient no race is c the multitud Turks, who ever a pach to have no support the In comparin apparent en these travel as he may b districts, at towns, and tions; the o fortunate native or their ind contact with within reach Although exhibit almo and of natur also show al human race. zation. Th Greek island entirely by the life of a of the bandit

the original inhabitants,—of the descendants of the ancient Romans and Goths, of Turks, Jews, Wallachians, Italians, &c. Nevertheless, as the Greeks certainly form three-fourths of this mass, it is easy to conceive that not only the character of the ancient Hellenes, but as many of their national habits and ceremonies are still retained as was permitted on the one hand, by the purer religion of the cross, and, on the other, by the despotism of the crescent.

It is not easy to conceive two more contradictory pictures of the same people than the following, which two English travellers give of the Arcadians. According to the one, every thing displays the tranquillity and ease of a pastoral life. Attired in a picturesque costume, with a variegated turban, a linen jacket, and snow-white vest, and with a crook in his hand, the native of this happy territory attends his numerous flocks of sheep and goats; or, stretched under the shadow of some venerable tree, plays on his pipe some of the wild and simple melodies of his country. Every thing, in short, recalls those passages of the poets, in which the beauties of Arcadia, and the happiness of its inhabitants, have been so rapturously extolled. According to the narrative of another traveller, the modern Arcadian exhibits a countenance furrowed by anxiety and sorrow, and a body emaciated by excessive labour and want of sufficient nourishment. This wretched race is continually oppressed by the multitude of needy and rapacious Turks, who swarm, like vermin, wherever a pacha resides; and who appear to have no other employment than to support the indolence of their masters. In comparing these two accounts, the apparent enigma is solved: the first of these travellers describes the Arcadian as he may be found in the mountainous districts, at a distance from any of the towns, and engaged in pastoral occupations; the other speaks of those less fortunate natives, whom either their ill fate or their indiscretion have brought into contact with their oppressors, and placed within reach of the rod.

Although not extensive, Greece can exhibit almost every variety of climate and of natural production; so can she also show almost every specimen of the human race, in all its degress of civilization. The inhabitants of some of the Greek islands support themselves almost entirely by fishing: the Mainote leads the life of a hunter, and sometimes that of the bandit; on the plain of Thessaly,

the wandering Nomade and the husbandman reside amicably together; the inhabitants of most of the towns are engaged in some species of manufacture; others exhibit a certain show of commerce and opulence; the monks of Mount Athos remind us of the cenobites and anchorites of Thebais; while in Chios, Patmos, Cephalonia, &c. literati are engaged in studying the language and the wisdom of their ancestors:—in short, in this respect, also, may Greece be said to exhibit a pattern, as it were, of all the rest of the globe.

Among the inhabitants of Epirus, the *Wlaki*, or Wallachians, are distinguished from the other Albanians by their natural strength, their activity, their temperate habits, and their peaceable disposition. They live nearly after the manner of the better sort of gipsies: during summer, they occupy, with their flocks, the mountains of Pindus, and, in the winter, reside on the plains of Thessaly, in tents. When this Nomadic race commence their wanderings, they collect themselves, like birds of passage, in immense numbers. A troop frequently extends half a mile in length, and has in it a thousand horses, which transport their tents, their property, and the smallest children; while the men, the females, and the elder children proceed on foot, two Greek priests closing this long train. The Albanians are a wilder race: they are attached only to war, and, during times of peace, subsist in a predatory manner. The late Ali Pascha deserves to be praised for having put a stop to their violences, and thereby rendered the high roads secure.

A similar change has taken place in the southern extremity of the Morea; where, not long since, the Mainotes committed as many robberies by sea as the Albanians did by land. Hardly a vessel ventured to approach their coasts: the caves in the rocks that surround their shores, served as hiding-places and stations, where the sentinels, who were mostly ecclesiastics, stood constantly on the look-out, and made a signal as soon as they espied any ship; for which service, a tithe of the booty was assigned to the church. Both Turks and Christians, whenever they fell into their hands, were sold as slaves, the former to Christians, and the latter to Turks. But, at length, the extension of trade and commerce has put an end to their habits of barbarianism. Not long ago, the Mainotes had such a bad character, that no traveller would venture to approach them; yet, since they

have been visited, it seems that they have been much misrepresented. Their inveterate hatred towards the Turks was indeed a reason why no Mahomedan, or any one who might be taken for a spy, could approach their retreats with impunity; but unsuspected travellers, who have since visited this part of Greece, have been entertained by the Mainotes with an hospitality equalling that of the Arabians. Every chief has welcomed the traveller in a friendly manner, has set before him whatever his house afforded, and afterwards accompanied him on his journey, until he was out of danger, proceeding with him as far as the residence of the next chief. Each of these chiefs occupies a square strongly fortified tower: at home, he is the judge of his vassals, and their leader in the field. The condition and habits of this people bear a great resemblance to the clans of the Highlands. Every Mainote clan, and every Highland laird, is independent of the rest, and attacks his neighbour whenever he conceives himself injured by him. The most powerful among these chiefs has the title of Bey, negotiates with the Turks, and settles the tribute which they agree to pay the latter. The Mainote is constantly armed with his gun: even the females are expert in the use of arms, and accompany their husbands to battle; for which reason they enjoy their respect and confidence, and participate with them in the education of their children, and in their agricultural and domestic employments. In every village is an open place, where the youth of both sexes practise firing at a mark, and in gymnastic exercises, which are succeeded by dancing. Thus the visitor conceives himself transported at once to ancient Sparta; and thus, too, we perceive how little the Greeks have altered or degenerated, when left to themselves.

The soil is stony and barren, but the industry of the Mainotes has lately been so much improved, that they have begun to form into artificial terraces the earth that has been washed down from the summits of the hills and rocks, and to plant them with corn, with olive and mulberry trees. On the lesser hills they keep stocks of bees, which produce honey hardly inferior to that of Mount Hymettus.

Even the inhabitants of Setini appear to bear a great resemblance to those of ancient Athens. All travellers speak in high terms of their industry, temperance, chastity, patience, and hospitality; at the same time, remark in them

the defects of which Thucydides accuses their ancestors—vanity, caprice, fickleness, a love of lucre, a passion for novelty, and a habit of breaking their promises. With respect to their last-mentioned failing, Lord Byron alleges, in their behalf, that 'their life is a struggle against truth: they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it, they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

MARRYING MEN.

WE were sitting, a few evenings since, *en famille*, with some worthy friends, when the young lady of the house made some observations in praise of one of their acquaintance, to which the mother assented; but added, significantly, 'he was not a marrying man;' and, observing that the assertion did not meet her daughter's full concurrence, she cast a look of appeal towards her liege lord, who laid down his cigar for the purpose of saying, with great emphasis, 'you are right, my dear, he certainly is *not*.'

A gentle half-breathed sigh from the daughter, followed by an expression of regret, 'that so many agreeable men were without fortune,' proved that she considered an insufficiency in that respect tantamount to placing a man decidedly on the bachelor list. Every educated young woman (and what young woman is not educated now-a-days?) considers a certain style of living necessary; so that it is evident many, who cut a good figure as single men, are considered a kind of forbidden fruit, and kept as much out of sight as possible; although it may happen that they possess every qualification, save one, for rendering the marriage-state happy. Would it not be worth while if some parents would recollect, and permit their children to know, that they had begun life with very little themselves besides love and prudence, yet had got on wonderfully well in it?—To be sure, that was the fashion of their day, though it is not of our's.

It is, however, certain that, when we look round on our own circle of male acquaintance, and consider how many more requisites for happiness in married life are called for in London than the country,—how many more virtues are positively demanded to make the state that which it ought to be, we must acknowledge that many other causes than a deficiency of income may make even

a wise and liberal father protest against many pleasant fellows being marrying or marriageable men.

In casting even a cursory and good natured glance over our own circle of friends, not one of whom we class with the vicious, and many of whom we justly consider respectable, yet it is certain we find only two to whom we could wish to see a beloved relative united. The thinking, from the facility afforded in London to push business to a great extent, have become mere plodders and money-getters, not from covetousness, but the excitement of circumstances: the gay have unintentionally, by the same rule, become too much dissipated for the calm tenor of domestic life. Men, unrestrained by the regularities of home, and accustomed to the freedom of hotels, have degenerated into gourmands, so far as to render them totally unfit for family fare; and others, of a far higher cast, under similar circumstances, have contracted a taste for the stimulating society of wits, authors, and actors, equally subversive of a taste for simple pleasures, though much less reprehensible and degrading.

In fact, there are a very considerable number of men whom circumstances forbid to think of marriage for so long a time, that, before the day of permission arrives, they have contracted habits which have not only cooled their inclination for it, but so unfitted them from acting agreeably to their own good intentions on the subject, that it is a pity they ever venture upon it. A man who has, in early life, wedded himself to any one mode of action or object of liking, however innocent or even praiseworthy in itself, will find that, when habit has confirmed his predilection, and time tamed that fervour of spirit which renders sacrifice easy to the young, even a very amiable woman may come between him and his old enjoyments very unpleasantly.

Let us examine some of the classes who must not marry in early life, and we shall soon perceive how few of them will be fitted for its demands in maturer years.

1st. Lawyers, especially all who are designed for the bar.

2nd. Clergymen waiting for livings.

3rd. Young men of fortune, who, being without friends to guide them, or understandings to govern themselves, make it a rule to spend their estates, instead of sharing them with a fair partner.

4th. Young men of family, who have

no estates, and for this want are forbidden access to those ladies whose fortunes could supply the deficiency.

5th. Men in public offices, who rise by degrees, and are prudent enough to decline making offers till the proper point is attained which authorises declaration.

6th. Men of genius universally; i.e. if they have the good sense to understand their own character.

7th. Literary men, whether possessing genius or not.

8th. Speculating and voyaging merchants.

Physicians, officers, and artists, and an immense number of persons, well educated and respectably connected, in the country, and from the sister kingdoms, who come up to London for the purpose of seizing fortune in any possible form, and are to be met with in every description of society, may be added to this list; and it will scarcely happen that any one in this very numerous train can, or ought, to be registered as marrying men. At twenty, they are all struggling to get into life; at thirty, they are only to be called fairly launched; at forty, the fortunate are comfortably fixed, and they are, in many cases, looking out for wives, who are intended to be the solace of declining life, the mother of heirs to their property, or the medium of increasing and aggrandizing them by their connections. This is all very well;—but we pity the lovely girl who, by an elegant house or dashing equipage, the earnest recommendation of her friends, or even her own admiration of a still fine person and great abilities, is led to their arms. It will be a miracle, indeed, if she does not find herself cruelly rivalled by a littered library, a quizzical disputatious friend, who visits at all hours and in all dresses; a few choice spirits at the club-room, a sober rubber in chambers, a most exquisite dish prepared by some culinary favourite, a glass of wine with the right flavour, a singer that flourished when the ears and the heart were most open to impression, or perhaps an old mistress, whose charms are long since blighted, yet who retains the power of awakening old associations: in one case, she must not presume to disturb the exquisite neatness of rooms unused to intrusion, nor bring her friends upon untrodden carpets; in another, it is a sin to rectify the glorious confusion of scattered manuscripts, dusty prints, grim busts, and cobwebbed medals. An established cat, or a growling cur, is admissible, when her

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child is banished to the nursery, and the dance she desires to enjoy derided; the opera she expected to hear, forbidden. She is conscious that her conversation is considered mere prattle, and her expenses extravagances; that she is *endured* when she ought to be *admired*, and *pitied* when she ought to be *loved*; that, with nothing to complain of, she has got much to suffer, for she is unable to gratify him whom she expected to delight, and her heart is returned upon her hands at a time of life when its great value is the power of exchange.

That many married people in London are not only tolerably, but even singularly happy, we do not for a moment doubt, because we can daily witness such happiness. Superior virtues and accomplishments will inevitably insure a higher order of felicity; nor can it be doubted that in the humbler walks of life, good-tempered and loving couples are to be found, who draw together in the matrimonial yoke as kindly as any in the country: this, however, will by no means disprove the assertion we venture to make,—‘that London is not, on the whole, a marrying place,’ nor does it supply the ideas, feelings, and pursuits, which belong to us as marrying men, save only as the contract is one of speculation, barter, and convenience. The French system of equal matches is every day gaining ground among us, and the very memory of *love-matches* will soon be as obsolete as the story of Ramela; tales of constancy and tenderness, generous confidence and disinterested devotion, will be only remembered as the legends of the nursery and the dreams of the poet, and serve merely to amuse some few romantic but finely-contemplative spirits, who feed on the sallies of imagination in preference to more solid food.

Probably the ‘great unknown’ has a good deal contributed to this, by banishing the silly, but familiar, love-scene of the *ci-divant* novel. The universal fashion, also, of sending all children to school, and thereby contracting that constant play of the affections, which renders the heart open to tender impressions, we are persuaded has a considerable effect.

We know not one situation in which a lovely young woman is more amiably seductive, than when employed in kind offices to the young part of her family; for she blends in them the virgin purity which inspires homage, with the maternal softness which insures affection. What gentleman of fifty does not re-

member Charlotte cutting bread-and-butter for her sisters before she set out for the ball, in the story of Werter?

That much misery is escaped by this system of discarding that passion which is, indeed, fruitful in producing sorrow, must be allowed; but, unless it can be proved that we are, therefore, universally provident in our conduct, and economical in our management, what have we gained? And in how many cases are expenses contracted, more indiscreet and far less excusable than an imprudent marriage? There is, at least, something beautiful, and even great, in the heroic devotion, the unchilled passion, the generous self-renunciation of two young hearts, daring the frowns of fortune, learning the lessons of prudence, or bearing the privations of circumstance for each other; their humble state is the seed-time of virtue, and their eventual prosperity its most glorious triumph. In the cold caution, the selfish pursuit of single pleasure,—the abandonment of that impulse by which heart seeks heart, and in the similarity of situation finds the consolation of perfect confidence, there is at best a withering influence, which forbids the growth of goodness, and checks the noblest energies, as well as the sweetest affections of the human heart. B.

MR. SOUTHEY AND LORD BYRON.

WE are not among those who think the maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, should at all times be rigidly adhered to; yet we are convinced its violation is much oftener an act of malignity than justice: such we consider to be the case with a letter which Mr. Southey has addressed to the editor of the Courier, on the subject of Lord Byron. The self-importance and deep-rooted enmity of Mr. Southey are pretty well known: he commenced radical, wrote more violently in favour of republicanism, we had almost said rebellion, than any poet of the day, turned renegade, and now grossly abuses every man who reminds him of his backslidings. While Lord Byron was alive, there was some excuse for Mr. Southey losing his temper, in combating such an antagonist; but, now that he is dead, and unable either to prove or deny the remarks attributed to him, it is an act of the most base and cowardly malignity to make those remarks the ground of an attack on his memory. The time, too, selected for the attack, is one which shows the cunning of the author of ‘Wat Tyler.’ While public sympathy, as the Times well ob-

serves, was strong in favour of Lord Byron, Mr. Southey was silent; but, when it had in some degree subsided, he creeps forth to beslime his memory. There is another circumstance which shows the attack as cowardly as it is malignant. When scarcely a week passes without there being some notorious detection of the errors in Mr. Medwin’s Conversations of Lord Byron, Mr. Southey assumes their being strictly authentic, for no other purpose than to fix certain observations on his lordship which Mr. M. states him to have made. It is true Lord Byron is dead, and can neither defend his memory, nor punish its assailants. Mr. Medwin still lives, and it might not have been so safe to accuse him of having stated what is not true, as to lay the blame on his lordship.

With regard to the subject of Mr. Southey’s letter, it may be stated briefly. Mr. Medwin states that Lord Byron said Mr. Southey wrote a review of Leigh Hunt’s Foliage, in the Quarterly Review, remarkable for its gross and wanton attacks on individuals, who had no more to do with the poem, than they had with the laureate’s all-but-treasonable Wat Tyler, or his impious Vision of Judgment. Mr. Southey denies he was the author of the *reviewal*, as he calls it, but declares that there is nothing, ‘either in the opinions expressed, or in the manner of expressing them, which a man of just and honourable principles would have hesitated to advance.’

Mr. Southey then, with that cant and hypocrisy which degrade him more than his apostacy, relates how, in a correspondence with Shelley, he assumed the office of confessor, and impertinently interfered with his private life, conduct, and opinions. The tone in which Mr. Southey writes is coarse, violent, intemperate, and ungentlemanly: his letter is also destitute of point, and is mere scurrility. He insinuates that the abuse of a person like Byron is no calumny, and yet, in every line, betrays how much he writhes under his attacks. He assumes the cant of religion, and yet proves he is destitute of one of its inseparable features, Christian charity. He bandies the words satanic and devilish, as if he had had a vision of the infernal regions, instead of the one he had of Heaven, for the purpose of introducing his late majesty. One passage in his letter is so brutal and ruffianly that we shall quote it:—‘It might have been thought,’ says the laureate and pretended religionist, ‘that Lord Byron

had attained the last degree of disgrace, when his head was set up for a sign at one of those preparatory schools for the brothel and the gallows, where obscenity, sedition, and blasphemy, are retailed in drams to the vulgar.' Now, really, to charge this on Lord Byron as a crime, appears to us to be one of the most illiberal imputations that a human being could be guilty of. It is, to use the laureate's own phrase, 'dark and devilish,' and deserving the severest reprehension. Were Benbow to prefix a portrait of Mr. Southey to his *Ramblers' Magazine*, or Carlile to place his bust over his door; or if the 'Southey Head' distinguished a house of infamy or a place of vile notoriety, who would charge this as a crime on the laureate?—No one, certainly, without manifest injustice; and yet such is the conduct pursued by Mr. Southey, who, to the character of a renegade, now adds that of a slanderer of the dead;—indeed, we suspect, had Lord Byron been living, though in Greece, Mr. Southey would not have dared to use such language. His conduct in this instance is not that of a generous antagonist, but that of a cowardly and vindictive enemy, skulking behind till the danger is past, and then stealing forth, in darkness and security, to insult the memory of the dead. Such is the conduct of Mr. Southey!

The Rambles of Asmodeus, No. XXI.

How various are the ways by which men seek notoriety! There is Dr. Birkbeck advancing 2500*l.* to the Mechanics' Institution, at four per cent. interest, to secure himself in the presidency, and delivering a whining harangue over the first stone of the new lecture-room, of which he gives copies to the newspapers, while his relation, Morris Birkbeck, prefers being secretary of state over the wilderness of the Illinois, to the title of an English yeoman; thus confirming the truth of Milton's observation, that some deem it better to rule in hell than serve in heaven. One man selects his path to fame in being the first to hazard his neck in the chase, and another by the strength of his lungs, or the absurdity of his opinions, in Parliament; a third finds his celebrity easiest obtained by canting harangues at a Bible or tract society; and a fourth by bullying in a court of justice. The ex-sheriff, who has resorted to every means of obtaining notoriety, finds his only permanent fame in being a sort of Don Juan among cooks, laundresses, and maids of all work.

Two instances of a love of notoriety have, however, occurred within the last few days, of a different character. The first is the case of a northern baillie, who gave 2*l.* 2*s.* to the Scottish Hospital, for the purpose, no doubt, of having it announced on St. Andrew's Day, in the following manner, which it was, by the secretary:—'Mr. M'Fie, Magistrate of Leith, at the king's landing, 2*l.* 2*s.*!' What a specimen of the bathos, Mr. M'Fie—the king and two guineas—why, it rivals the epistle to the Welshman:—

'Tell me, thou son of great Cadwallader,
Hast 'sent the hare, or hast thou swallow'd
her.'

The next case of a love of notoriety is that of a Mr. Woods and Miss S. Hodges, who, not contented with recording their freethinking opinions and hostility to the mother church, in a protest on their marriage, publish it in the newspapers. Apropos of freethinking and newspapers,—have you heard of the conversion of *The Morning Chronicle*. This journal, so lately the advocate of Carlile and infidelity, is become the regular organ of the saints, and devotes as much space to a religious meeting as to a boxing-match. The free satires of a Moore or a Byron have given way to the psalms and hymns of a Newton or a Collyer. How this miracle has been effected, I will not pretend to say; but I certainly should as soon have expected to see Mr. Clement added to the list of popes of that name, as to find him stuffing *The Morning Chronicle* with cant. In the account of the execution of Fauntleroy, every hymn-book was laid under contribution, and a piety was attributed to the wretched culprit which he never manifested. I suspect these snatches of hymns are stereotyped, for I find the very verses used by Fauntleroy, inserted in an account of a meeting for affording relief to the sufferers by the late gales, at the City of London Tavern, where, with the exception of Sir George Keith, all the speakers were priests. We wonder whether any of these saints were aware, that the worthy chairman's description of a shipwreck was from Byron's *Don Juan*; but so it was. The object of the meeting was, however, laudable, and deserves support.

The conversion of the *Morning Chronicle* is ascribed to Prince Hohenlohe, who has not only cured a lady in the United States of an incurable complaint, but has given to an ill-featured matron of fifty the 'angelic' countenance and bloom of eighteen. I understand the prince really restored a leg to a

man who had lost one;—it is, however, necessary to state, that it was a wooden leg. His success in making barren ladies teeming mothers is said to be unrivalled; but this miracle can only be performed by a temporal presence at the ceremony. But to return to the meeting for the relief of the sufferers by shipwrecks;—the speech of the chairman was followed by one of the most canting addresses we ever heard read, by a Rev. Mr. Brown, in which extracts from hymns were most ludicrously intermingled with passages from Scripture, and the late wrecks on the coast compared to the destruction of the ships of Tarshish, with this difference only, that the one was by a south, and the other by an east wind!

The Rev. George Smith, of Penzance, was more amusing: he has been a sailor, and had a Jack tar at the meeting, who, in the middle of his speech, says the *Chronicle*, 'cleared his pipes, and favoured the company with his specimen of three huzzas.' Mr. Smith related how, in a wreck on the coast, a Portuguese was so anxious to save a monkey, that he placed him on his shoulder, and put his tail in his mouth, and how, for taking such a liberty, Jacco 'caught hold of his master's nose for a handle.' Really I think the Rev. G. Smith deserved his own nose put in a parenthesis for making himself so ridiculous.

Pray, Mr. Editor, can you inform me what the Royal Society of Literature is about? You of course know that a gold medal has been voted by the society to the editor of the *John Bull Magazine*, 'for his unwearied patience, in having read the whole of Mr. W. Farren's *Essays on the Madness of Lear*, in the *London Magazine*.' Physicians, however, doubt the sanity of the editor from this circumstance. Can you inform me how a certain army tailor, near Charing Cross (whose son was elected as a mechanic, to be a committee-man in the institution, and yet is dubbed esquire), gets on with his Latin: I suspect, very well, from a circumstance related to me a few days ago. Mr. P. was coming from Margate, this summer, in the steam-boat; most of the passengers were sea-sick, on which he involuntarily exclaimed, *O si sic omnia!* which, being called upon to explain, he said, meant 'O! they are all so sick.' I defy any graduate at the Universities to give a better translation. I have another metropolitan joke, and then I have done: the daughter of a certain alderman recently wrote

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a letter to a cousin in the country, to announce the clerical preferment of her brother; she intended to state that he had been bachelor, and was now master of arts, and she hoped he would soon be doctor of divinity. Her sisterly affection and her hopes were thus expressed:—‘Dear Coz,—I know you will rejoice to hear that my brother has got from A—b to A—m, and I hope he will be D—d soon, for I am sure no one deserves it better.’ In one of my rambles, I popped into Albion Chapel, and heard that canting covenant-breaking Scotchman, the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, harangue the poor dupes who still listen to him. I find, that no sooner did this reverend get his head out of Chancery, than he published, not a defence of his conduct, which is indefensible, but an appeal to the public, in which he has had the folly to show up his sisters, particularly Miss Jean Fletcher, who dropped some dozen or fifteen years in her age a short time ago. This lady, who appears to be a fit candidate for the ducking-stool, had the impertinence to write a very angry letter to Miss Dick, which she concludes with the national motto, ‘*Nemo me impune lacessit*,’ that is to say, ‘he who gets Miss Jean catches a Tartar.’ For my part, I would as soon marry Satan’s eldest daughter, and live with the old gentleman, as be united to such a termagant.

Essex has always been famed for its calves: and one of the greatest the county ever produced, appeared the other day at the Mansion House, in the shape of a farmer, who had sold an old cow for 4l. 10s., and, after its horns had been pared down and its skin curried, bought her again as a real Alderney for 15l. 7s. Although there is much knavery in the hoax, yet it is impossible not to laugh at it; even the Lord Mayor, Garrett, who gets on very well considering he has but a *Hobler* for his assistant, is said to have displayed his attic wit on the occasion. Sir William Curtis would have written an epigram on such a subject; but the genius of poetry is not an heirloom of the civic chair.

Poor Shakspeare, tragedy, and Mr. Macready, have all just received a knock-down-blow at Sheffield. You have long tried to bolster up the immortal bard, and Mrs. Melpomene, but it won’t do. There are people in the world, who, like me, prefer laughing to crying, and like comic better than serious pantomime. It appears that Mr. De Camp, who is the manager of the Sheffield Theatre, has been reproached for not

adhering to the legitimate drama; hear his defence:—

‘I have,’ says he, ‘performed, in the course of twenty nights, no less than sixteen of Shakspeare’s, Otway’s, and Shiell’s tragedies, eight of which were supported by Mr. Macready, with the *Wonder*, *Every One has his Fault*, &c. &c.; and finding my losses so very considerable, have been obliged to have recourse to the acknowledged talents of Mr. Usher, the clown. By a view of a few of the receipts, I leave it to you to judge whether I am right or wrong:

Coriolanus, Mr. Macready . . .	£18	9	0
Virginus do	37	9	0
Wonder	9	0	9
Venice Preserved, on Monday	15	0	0
	89	18	9

Mr. Usher’s first night	44	0	0
Pantomime	31	10	0
Do.	40	11	0
Hertfordshire Tragedy	80	0	0
	226	1	0

There’s no getting over this, Mr. Editor; Shakspeare and Shiell (what an association!) Otway and Macready, are only able to produce one third of what Mr. Usher, the clown, alone produces; truly, this gentleman may say of his competitors, ‘Like an eagle in a dovecot, I fluttered them at *Sheffield*; I alone did it, boy.’ Alas! poor Shakspeare, when a poor skipping clown, whose head is as light as his heels, is preferred to thy matchless muse! Well, thou still hast charms for

ASMODEUS.

ORIGIN OF WEEKLY REVIEWS.—REAL PROJECTOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

AMONG the acts resorted to by rival journalists, that of boasting originality of design, and charging others with imitation, is not the least frequent. We adverted to this subject last week, and very clearly proved that the Literary Gazette, for it was to that journal we alluded, had been anticipated in its leading features by an hebdomadal review and register by Mr. Davidson, the present proprietor of *The Literary Chronicle*. We stated, however, that the plan was more immediately copied from a prospectus published by Sir Richard Phillips in the Monthly Magazine. Mr. Davidson’s Weekly Magazine was published on the 1st and 8th of May, 1813; and in the Monthly Magazine for June, 1814, Sir Richard Phillips published his prospectus of ‘a new review, to be published every Saturday, under the title of *The Literary Gazette*.’ Sir Richard, however, does not boast originality, although his copyist does: ‘The

aspect and form of my publication,’ says Sir Richard, ‘are imitated from the famous Literary Gazette published at Jena, which, for many years, has enjoyed an unrivalled celebrity in every part of Europe. That journal is printed in small quarto, for circulation by post as a newspaper; and it is proposed to publish this English Literary Gazette on the same plan: that is to say, on a very large sheet, folded into sixteen pages; to be stamped like a newspaper, for the advantage of being franked by post. This form of publication,’ continues the *real projector* of the Literary Gazette, ‘will insure the early notice of books, a rapid circulation, and a corresponding gratification of public curiosity.’ Again, says he:—‘The fifty-two numbers will form one annual volume.’

Such was the plan and title of a work proposed, by Sir Richard Phillips, in 1814; and three years afterwards a work was commenced on this very plan and with this very title, not by Sir Richard Phillips, but by another bookseller; and yet the editor of this work arrogates the claim to originality, and talks of imitators. We need not state how closely the plan of Sir Richard Phillips was copied, as it will be seen that no copy could be closer. One point is, however, worth noticing: Sir Richard proposed publishing his journal in a stamped form only; and such was the way in which the Literary Gazette was published during the first eighteen months. How an unstamped edition was adopted we shall explain: in March, 1818, a new periodical was commenced, entitled *The Literary Journal*, which was published weekly at sixpence. With this journal the editor of *The Literary Chronicle* was connected from its commencement; and it was in order to compete with, and in imitation of the Literary Journal, that the proprietors of the Literary Gazette commenced publishing their unstamped edition.

We attach little importance of ourselves to originality in a periodical, but we deem it necessary to strip our vapouring contemporary of his borrowed plumes; and the more so, because, on the commencement of a new volume, the editor of the Literary Gazette almost invariably talks of imitations of his work. We have now, however, distinctly shown, that Sir Richard Phillips was the real projector of the Literary Gazette, and that neither the present editor nor proprietors have the slightest claim to originality on its account.

Original Poetry.

THE HEADSMAN OF ALGIERS.

AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER'S TALE.

THAT Britons in the *marvellous* delight,
I've often heard—but still can scarce believe
A true-born Englishman will tell a *lie*;
And when a braggart Frenchman thus accuses
My countrymen, and says that half our *news* is
Manufactur'd thro' our love of *bouncing*,

It makes me grieve
To think I've not the liberty of trouncing
The knave who is not worth a grave reply,—
In short, just then I always long to *fight*;

This is true British feeling—those who doubt it
Are base-born mongrels, and know naught about
it.

In truth, we English all the world excel
In deeds of *arms*; but as for feats of *skill*,
No others can perform them *half* so well—
'Twas always so of old, and so 'tis still.

This brings me to my story,
Which, after what I've prefac'd, none will
doubt,
Or if they do, I trust they'll hear it out—
It tends to England's glory.

In Algiers once three Christian slaves lay bound
Within a dungeon's gloom,
Waiting in dread suspense for that dire sound
Which should proclaim their doom:

Three different nations did the captives own;
A Spaniard one, and one from Gallia sprung,
The other was a Briton—ardent, young—
My noble worthy friend—his name Tom
Brown,
A fellow who's an honour to his nation,
From whose veracious lips I had the whole nar-
ration.

Said Tom, 'they have a custom in Algiers
Of chopping people's heads off who offend,—
They care not for entreaties, pray'rs, or tears—
Almost before a culprit's crime appears,
The sharp-edg'd sabre brings him to his end.
Where such a mode of death prevails, of course
The executioner must needs be clever,
Expert and dextrous in decapitation—
One who can wield the sword of death with
force,

And from the hapless trunk the *caput* sever,
With naught of trembling or precipitation.'

'Well—at this time,' said Tom, 'when *we*
were there,
The *headsmen* chanc'd to die, and not a man
Among this semi-barbarous race
Had skill enough to fill his place;
We Christians, therefore, quickly summon'd
were

To appear before the Dey, whose orders ran
That we should try our skill on traitors three,
And he that did excel should thence be *FREE*.

'With such incitement, who'd not do his best?
The swords were brought—the wretches half
undress'd;

Whilst we, poor slaves, in anxious expectation,
Waited the dreadful "note of preparation."
Erect the culprits stood—no *blocks* had they to
die on,

For *luxuries* there are scarce, you may rely on.

The Spaniard first was call'd on to perform
His task—when, with a vengeful look,
His sword he brandish'd, and with vig'rous arm
His victim's head he from his shoulders took
At one tremendous blow—
'Twas *sure*, yet far from *slow*.

'The Frenchman next;—with much delibera-
tion,

He tied around the neck of *wretch* the second
A piece of narrow tape;

See, see! cried he, I'll cut this tape asunder—
Behold *me* strike, ye Algerines! nor wonder
At *any* thing you hear of the Grand Nation!

And ere a dozen moments could be reckon'd,
The trunkless head did gape;

The tape was cut in twain—so well divided,
That half remain'd above, and half below;
So just the Frenchman's aim, so sure his blow,
My poor attempt already was derided.

'But there,' said Tom, 'I *knew* what I could
do—

So back my arm I drew,
Then round I swung the sword with all my
might;

It flew like lightning o'er the fellow's shoulders,
Yet there, *apparently unhurt*, he stood!
Which so amaz'd the barbarous beholders,
Who saw my aim was good,

That first they star'd at *him*, and then at *me*,
Then at my *sword*, which they could plainly
see

Reek'd with the culprit's blood!

The wretch now *spoke*—says he, "*my head's*
all right"—

Is it, my lad? said I—come, then, we'll try
Whether a *dead man* has not *told a lie*;
Now *spit*, my boy! he tried to *nod* assent,
By doing which, his body forward bent,
His carcase totter'd—off his head-piece dropt,
And all allow'd he'd been most neatly crott.

I should have been "the Headsman" had I
staid;

But gallant Exmouth, with his British thunder,
To Algiers came—the city he bombarded—
The savage dogs were fill'd with fear and
wonder—

Heads flew off fast enough without *my* aid,
So I the *butchering* business soon discarded—
Call'd on his Lordship—made my best Sa-
laam—

Setsail for England's shore—and "here I am."
FITZ-PINDAR.

Fine Arts.

THE CHEVALIER UN BREE has com-
pleted a grand historical composition,
representing the abdication of the Em-
peror Charles V. This picture, which
is about eight feet high by six wide, con-
tains nearly fifty figures, the greater
number of which are portraits of distin-
guished historical characters. Charles
is seen standing before the throne, and
holds in his left hand, with which he
reclines on the shoulder of the Prince
of Orange, the act of abdication; while
he extends his right over the head of
Philip II., who is kneeling before him.
The emperor's eyes are raised towards
heaven, and a large tear, rolling down
his cheek, attests the strong emotion
with which this solemn and painful re-
nunciation of his crown and worldly
dignities is attended. This figure is
admirably contrasted by those of four
young pages, who stand immediately
behind the monarch, and who regard

the affecting scene with a tranquillity
bordering on indifference. On the left,
at no great distance from the throne, is
seated the Princess Maria; her counte-
nance expresses the deepest sorrow, as
her eyes, filled with tears, gaze on her
brother. Beside her, on her left hand,
sits the beautiful Queen of France, ele-
gantly attired in white; and next to her
is the Queen Dowager of Hungary, who
turns aside her face, as if unable to sup-
port the affecting spectacle. Among the
other eminent personages is Emanuel,
King of Savoy, afterwards of Bohemia,
and Granvella, Bishop of Arras; there
are likewise a number of courtiers, la-
dies, and attendants.

In point of execution, this picture is
powerfully and naturally coloured; the
expression is good, and the details are
admirably finished. Several of the
heads, likewise, have the most animated
effect, particularly that of Charles him-
self, the princess his sister, the Queen
of Hungary, and the secretary: in fact,
all the heads appear to be painted after
the life; and they exhibit the utmost
variety as to age, character, and ex-
pression. The artist has been particu-
larly successful in exhibiting, within
the compass of a single picture, almost
every degree and shade of feeling, from
the careless indifference of the youthful
pages up to the heartfelt emotion of the
principal actors in this interesting
scene. As a composition, this piece is
well arranged, and the various groups
distributed with skill; nor is it by any
means deficient in that splendour and
variety that contribute to picturesque
effect. It must, however, be remarked,
that some parts do not harmonize per-
fectly with the rest;—for instance, the
white dress of Philip and that of the
Queen of France seem to require more
shadow and middle tints; for want of
which they are deficient in force, and,
at first sight, have somewhat of the
look of being unfinished, compared
with the other parts of the picture.
Neither is the attitude of Philip himself
altogether so good as could be desired.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Sapio
and Miss Stephens have given a high
character to the opera at this theatre,
even during the absence of Mr. Braham.
On Saturday, they appeared in the
opera of *The Cabinet*. Mr. Sapio was
the Prince Orlando, and, notwith-
standing the exuberance of his action,

he sustained
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tasteful.
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he sustained it with great ability. His style is original, and his embellishments tasteful. The song of the Beautiful Maid, which has outlived the parody on it, was exquisitely sung; in some of the most difficult airs he was equally successful. Miss Stephens was the Floretta, and a very charming performance it was; this lady improves very much in her acting, and has only to let her natural vivacity and good sense have their scope, and she will be a very clever actress. In the song The Bird in yonder Cage confined, she combined much comic humour with genuine melody. It was a triumph of art; and she was loudly encored. A Mr. Downe, who had failed in Sir Peter Teazle, was more successful in the Peter of *The Cabinet*. He has some comic humour, and may become useful. Harley played Whimsiculus inimitably.

The opera was repeated on Wednesday, to a very crowded audience, with increased effect. Several of the songs were encored. The duet between Harley and Miss Stephens, in the third act, was twice rapturously encored.

A new operatic farce was produced on Friday, the 10th instant, entitled, *My Uncle Gabriel*, from the pen of Mr. Parry, the Welsh composer; its plot turns on the stale inventions of a young officer to cozen an old guardian out of his ward and his money, which he accomplishes by the means of an artful servant, well played by Harley. The music is pretty, and some of the incidents are amusing. Horn, Harley, and Miss Povey, did all in their power, and the piece still lives, and will do until Christmas.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The two theatres have entered on a rivalry more active than judicious; they not only play the same pieces but on the same nights; this was the case with the play of *King John* and the opera of the *Cabinet*. In the latter, which was performed on Thursday night, Mr. Sinclair made his first appearance for the season as Prince Orlando. He sung as well, and played as ill, as usual. He was greeted with a hearty welcome, and was much applauded in most of his songs, particularly one of Moore's melodies, which he introduced. Miss Paton sustained the character of Floretta, and sung and acted admirably. Rayner's Peter was by no means good; it is doing him a real injury to put him in characters for which he is not suited. Duruset was put into the character of Whimsiculus; we should as soon have thought of his playing Macbeth; he, however,

sung well. The other parts were well filled up, but the cast of the opera is not nearly so strong as at the other house.

Literature and Science.

The Chevalier C. F. Handsen is about to publish, in two folio volumes, each of which will contain about 96 plates, a series of architectural designs, exhibiting the principal edifices, which he has executed during the last forty years. Among these will be found several of the most magnificent structures that adorn the city of Copenhagen; for it has been Mr. Hansen's peculiar good fortune to be employed on works in which he could display his ability and taste: among these may be mentioned the new palace, the great church, and the town-hall, of Copenhagen. The designs will be as nearly as possible upon the same scale; and the details and profiles will be exhibited on a scale of one eighth of the size of the originals. The plates will be carefully engraved in outline, but subscribers may, if they prefer them, have them shadowed in imitation of sepia drawings. Perspective views will occasionally be given, wherever the subject more particularly requires it. This work cannot fail to be highly interesting to the amateurs of architecture in this country, as it will enable them to form an accurate idea of the state of architecture, considered as a fine art, in Denmark.

An ingenious operative weaver, residing at Paisley, has, at his leisure hours, constructed, with a knife and pair of tweezers, a curious and complicated piece of machinery.—It consists of a weaver at work on his loom, with lay and treddles working; a corn-mill; a sucking and spiral-pump, both of which throw water; two sawyers at work; a hare-race; wind-mill; ship at sea; regiment of military passing the general, &c.

Russian Poetry.—The young poet Pushkin has completed a new production, which, though of no great extent, surpasses, in the unanimous opinion of the critics, all his former productions. The title is, 'The Fountain Baktchissaria;' and M. Ponamareu, a bookseller of Moscow, has given him 3000 roubles for the copyright. The poem contains about 600 lines; so that five roubles per line have been paid for it, a thing unknown before in Russia.

In the press, Modern Athens, or, a picture of Edinburgh during the King's visit, exhibiting the political, literary, and social character of the Scottish metropolis.

Belzoni's Will.—The will of Giovanni Belzoni was proved in the Prerogative Court, in Doctors' Commons, on the 1st inst. It is dated at Fez, in the kingdom of Morocco, May 20, 1823; and after setting apart 200*l.* for his wife exclusively, directs the remainder of his property to be divided into thirds; one of which he bequeaths to his mother, residing at Padua, his native city; another to his wife; and the remaining one to his brother Dominico, also of Padua. As part of it, he reckons the produce of the sale of the Egyptian tomb at Paris, and the various ar-

ticles of antiquity there; the receipts of the exhibition; and his claim upon the trustees of the British Museum, for the alabaster sarcophagus discovered by him at Thebes; also two granite sphinxes, left at Bullock's Museum; a ring of twelve diamonds and a topaz, presented to him by the Emperor of Russia; a picture of a Silenus, and a marble Bacchante. The sums produced from these are directed to be deposited in the hands of Messrs. Briggs, Brothers and Co. The effects were sworn under 300*l.* The will was folded like a letter, and superscribed for Messrs. Briggs, Brothers, and Co., with a direction to be opened at the end of five years after the 20th of May, 1823, if no intelligence should be received from him or others that he was living, 'which,' said he, 'I hope I shall be.'

New Photometer.—Mr. Ritchie, of the Tain Academy, has invented a new and very delicate Photometer. It is founded on the well-known property of light—that its intensity diminishes as the square of distance of the object on which it is received from the radiant point. The light is made to traverse a considerable depth of water, and thus completely separates visible from invisible rays. A single candle produces a very sensible effect upon the instrument, at the distance of several feet, whilst a mass of iron, heated almost to the point at which it becomes visible in the dark, does not produce upon it the slightest effect. It is therefore well adapted for ascertaining the relative quantities of light given out by artificial flames, even if the one should give out more heat in proportion to its light than the other. Mr. Ritchie is now constructing one about a hundred times more delicate than the one we have mentioned, with which he hopes to appreciate the effect of feeble rays of the moon.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 10	32	38	30	30 05	Fair.
.... 11	40	45	46	.. 15	Cloudy.
.... 12	46	50	47	.. 31	Fair.
.... 13	47	47	46	.. 45	Cloudy.
.... 14	46	49	47	.. 42	Do.
.... 15	47	49	49	.. 02	Fair.
.... 16	44	43	37	29 95	Do.

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Impromptu on the Marriage of Mr. Jacobs, of New York, aged Eighty, to Miss Eliza Brown, aged Nineteen.

'Son of Venus, little Cupid,
Do you think I fear you now;
O no, no, I'm not so stupid,
'Tis in vain you bend your bow.'
At eighty years, thus Philip sung;
But when Eliza's face he saw,
And heard the magic of her tongue,
His icy nerves began to thaw.
But what the dickens! some folks ask,
Caus'd the fair maid to fancy him?
It were, indeed, a hopeless task
To answer for a *Girlish* whim!

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge receiving the Sketches of Alost, the Humourist's Will, the Letters of P. T. L. and P. M., and A Seasonable Card for the Year 1825; all of which shall have early attention.

Nicodemus Asmodeus has promised us a Ramble in Yorkshire during the Christmas holidays.

Works published since our last notice.—Baillie's Sketch of the Manners and Customs of Portugal, 2 vols. 15s. Dunallan, 3 vols. 18s. Halkett's Historical Notes on the North-American Indians, 10s. Noble's Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures, 13s. Winter Tales, 9s. Remarkable Events, 10s. 6d. Conspectus of Medicines, 5s. Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, by Dunlop, 18s. Journal Anecdotique de Mad. Compeu, 12s. Mrs. More's Spirit of Prayer, 6s. Pitman's Sermons, 2 vols. 18s. Modern Athens, 9s. The Writer's Clerk, 3 vols. 21s. Hermit in Italy, 3 vols. 18s. Dibdin's Comic Tales, 7s. Middleton's Sermons and Life, by Bonney, 14s. Smith's Art of Drawing, 12s. History of Origins, 12mo. 3s. 6d. Maxwell's Beauties of Ancient English and Scottish History, 8vo. 8s. The Leper of Aoste, a poem, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

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By a MODERN GREEK.

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By JOHN CURTIS, F.L.S.

London: sold by Sherwood, Jones, and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall; and all other Booksellers.

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